

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 26. [NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, APRIL 2, 1825.

VOL. II.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

ISHMAEL AND MIRIAM.

A TALE OF THE DESERT.

IN one of those skirmishes which are so continually occurring between the Arabs of the Desert and the Molsallam, or governor of Jerusalem, the Turkish troops captured, near the valley of Begâa, a young Sheik of distinguished bravery, whose name was Ishmael; and whose father, Ahmed, the son of Bâhir, was the Chief of the Wahydyahs, one of the most ancient and important tribes in Syria. The young Bedouin was surprised in an ambuscade; but, resolved to sell his life as dearly as he could, resisted his assailants for some time with unexampled valour; and it was not until he had received several desperate wounds, that he at length suffered himself to be overpowered and taken prisoner. Indeed, so truly pitiable was his condition, that it was with great difficulty he was transported to Jerusalem alive. On his arrival in the Holy City he was immediately conveyed into the court of the governor's palace, where he was placed on the ground, with a marble column at his back to support him, until the decision of the Molsallam, as to his final destination, should be ascertained. A death-like paleness overspread his countenance, but had not subdued the manly and noble dignity of his features,—still instinct with a vital scorn of his enemies. A smile of proud defiance lingered on his bloodless lip; yet his ghastly wounds and the rigidity of his limbs seemed to indicate to the by-standers that the night of the grave was rapidly closing over the head of that youthful warrior, whose daring soul and resistless arm had made him at once an object of terror and admiration throughout all Syria. Life was, however, not wholly extinct, and that which would certainly have been denied from a feeling of compassion, was conceded from a motive of interest, to the expiring Bedouin.

The Molsallam expecting, as a matter of course, that a liberal ransom would be offered for the release of the only son of the Sheik of Wahydyah, sent for the Dragoman of the Convent of the Holy City, who passed for a skilful physician. "Hakin," said he, "as thou hast been favoured by heaven with the gift of healing, and enjoyest the reputation of an admirable leech, I confide this captive to thy care; if it be possible to preserve his life, take him to thy dwelling; but swear to deliver him into my hands on the twentieth of the moon Schowal; for if, through either thy neglect or perfidy, the slave is suffered to escape, thou shalt answer for the treason with thy head: but if, on the other hand, thou art able to restore him to health, and he is forthcoming at the time appointed, one half the treasure paid for his liberation shall be thine." The Dragoman bowed his assent, and having attentively examined the wounds of the young Sheik, replied, [placing, as he spoke, his hand successively on his breast, his beard, and his forehead] "Your Highness's orders shall be obeyed; commit your prisoner to my charge, and I will endeavour to effect his restoration so completely, that he shall be worth whatever ransom your justice may demand for his release." The dying Ishmael was accordingly conveyed to the house of the Dragoman, whose name was Youhannâ Ebn Temym, and who was possessed of a large share of Christian charity. His residence was situated near the gate of St. Stephen, and his garden was partly enclosed by an angle of the wall that bounded the pool of Bethesda.

Miriam, the loveliest of the daughters of Palestine, heard the repeated knocks of the Dragoman and his attendants; and having recognised the voice of Ebn Temym, her father, opened the door, which, like those of all the Christian residents of Jerusalem, was usually barricaded. It was not without considerable surprise and alarm that she beheld the servants of the Molsallam, bearing among them the almost lifeless body of the young Sheik. "Daughter," said the Dragoman, "I bring thee an unhappy sufferer;" and the pensively beautiful face of Miriam immediately brightened with compassion;—"He is the bravest of the Bedouin chiefs, the

son of Ahmed, the Sheik of Wahydyah." "What, so young!" mournfully responded the fair Christian; "and is this he who has rendered himself so celebrated among the Bethlehemites? Oh, my dear father! let us pardon him; let us remember the example of the good Samaritan, and pour oil on his wounds, and comfort into his soul. Oh that your skill may enable you to save the life of this unfortunate youth!" "Quick," said Ebn Temym, "haste, daughter, and bring me bandages of linen, and the balsam of Zaggoura." Miriam waited for no other bidding; she flew to perform the injunctions of her father, and, during her absence, Ishmael was placed on the divan. She returned almost instantaneously, and having herself prepared the lint, knelt down and sustained in her snowy arms the declining head of the young captive; eagerly watching the countenance of the good Dragoman, in order to ascertain his opinion of the condition of his patient, whose last sigh appeared to be almost fluttering on his lips. His head was, as she continued to support it, pressed against her beating heart, whilst she regarded every alteration of his ghastly features with the most intense watchfulness and anxiety; but his eyes still remained closed, and their long dark lashes served only to contrast with the deadly paleness of his cheek. A deep gash passed across his bosom; Ebn Temym expressed his fears that it was mortal. Miriam, in whose susceptible heart the sufferings of Ishmael had already created a powerful interest, shuddered at her father's words, and pressed the drooping head of the sufferer still more tenderly to her heart. She no longer regarded him as a stranger; his misfortunes had given him a claim on her sympathies, which nothing else could have secured him; and she knelt by his side and continued to stanch the blood that still flowed profusely from his temples on his unbound turban. She could no longer restrain her tears, and they fell on the forehead of the dying Sheik. A balm so precious might almost have sufficed to have awakened him from the sleep of eternity. He slowly opened his eyes, and, at length, fixed them on the beautiful face that was bent above him. Delirious from the effects of the fever which the agony of his wounds had occasioned, "Mahomet," whispered he, "am I then in Paradise?" "Oh? Virgin Mother of the Son of God," exclaimed Miriam, "he still lives! Blessed be thy name; comfort, I beseech thee, this poor infidel, for without thy aid we can do nothing."

During the entire period of his long and painful illness, Ebn Temym and his daughter tended with unremitting solicitude the couch of the son of Ahmed. Day after day he grew more sensible of the soothing attentions and sympathizing kindnesses of the

beautiful Miriam, and gratitude and admiration operating on his warm and enthusiastic feelings, he delivered himself up to all the impulses of the most intense and passionate adoration. As his frame gathered strength, the weakness (if love be weakness) of his soul increased; and he lived but in the smiles of the gentle daughter of Ebn Temym. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to walk out, Miriam led him beneath the sycamore whose branches overshadowed the house and garden of the Dragoman. Seated by his side, she questioned him concerning the wars of his tribe, the revenge of the Wahydyahs on the treacherous Djezzar Pacha, the condition of his family, and the customs and amusements of the wanderers of the Desert; whilst he, in return, expressed a wish to be instructed in her creed, and sought to know in what it differed from the belief of his fathers. Twilight frequently surprised them in these long and sweet discourses, and they were often only awakened to a sense of the reality of their existence by the evening chant of the Muezzin, who from the minarets of the splendid mosque of El Harem called the Mussulmans to prayer.

"Miriam," said the Arab, on one glorious evening when their delicious conference had been prolonged until the stars were beginning to begem the deep blue skies above them—"Miriam, you have taught me to forget my father, my prophet, and my tribe. You have rescued me from the overwhelming power of the Angel of death only to deliver me over to all the agonizing anxieties of the most impassioned love. Either my ashes must become as dust to be scattered over the land by the lightest breezes of Yemen, or I must build for thee the bridal bower in the desert. My parents will rejoice in such a daughter; all the Wahydyahs will kiss the hem of Ebn Temym's garment; and the fairest maidens of the Kabyla will contend for the honour of washing the dust from thy feet." Miriam, touched and troubled by the warmth and tenderness of this appeal, could only reply that she was a Christian, and that every thing in life separated them. "Alas!" added she mournfully, "Death will, perhaps, be less unjust to us than fortune." A few short moons abundantly confirmed the melancholy presentiment which was contained in these few wild and simple words.

The Pacha of Damascus, jealous of the rapidly increasing treasures of the Molsalam of Jerusalem, convened a Divan, and, after having obtained its sanction, reproached him with his manifold act of tyranny and injustice, and put him to death. His next step was to instal one of his own favourites in the government of Jerusalem, and this man sought to repay the kindness of his patron by an offering worthy the barbarian whose

lust of rapine and cruelty it was intended to gratify. He sacked the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre, and those of the Armenians and Greeks throughout Palestine. Twenty of the wealthiest Jews expired under the bastinado of the Chiaoux, and the whole city of Jerusalem became one scene of lamentation and despair.

"Listen, son of Ahmed," said the Dragoman to the young Sheik committed to his custody; "although bound by a sacred oath to the late Molsallam, to deliver thee into his hands on the twentieth of the moon Schowal, I have promised nothing to his successor; if thy strength permits, profit by the confusion which now reigns in the city, depart at sunset by the gate of Naby Daoud; conceal thyself in the grottoes of Aceldama; the sepulchres will furnish thee a secure asylum until the hour of evening, when thou canst shape thy steps with caution towards the Desert; and may that God who has already restored thee from the arms of death, protect thee in thy flight, and grant a long life to thee and thy kindred. Peace be with thee!" The pale cheek of Miriam became crimsoned with emotion, and the cup of sherbet she was in the act of offering to her lover dropped from her trembling hand, on hearing this address. "O, my father," rejoined Ishmael with melancholy earnestness, "can you desire me to depart and leave my protector and my friend,—and one too who is dearer to me than life itself,—exposed to the various perils which now environ you? Abdallah, the savage minion of the unrelenting Pacha of Damascus, is now occupied in hunting to desperation and death the most noble families in Jerusalem; but when the new Molsallam shall have sacrificed the powerful and the strong, will he not then pounce on his weaker and more defenceless prey, even on thee and the trembling dove thou hast cherished in thy bosom? He will remember in his bitterness the battle of Tiberias; and when he shall be informed that Ishmael is a prisoner, no ransom will be deemed sufficiently large for my redemption; and thus will the feuds, in which so much blood has been already causelessly expended, be perpetuated to our children's children. Abdallah will immediately demand of thee the captive confided to thy charge with such severe injunctions; and thy lips of truth what answer can they give? Rather let us fly together: or if thou wilt repose thy faith in my truth, I will go to my father, and having assembled the people of his tribe, who unite the gentleness of the gazelle with the boldness of the lion, I will send thee a docile camel and faithful servant of my tent, who will guide its steps to the entrance of the valley of Gaza, where I and my father will await you, and shouts of joy shall be the welcome of Miriam and Ebn Te-

mym to the haunts of the tribe of Wahydyah. On the last day of the month Sepher, shall we expect you, and we will watch incessantly for your arrival from the green heights of Eder."

"My father," exclaimed the agitated Miriam, clasping the knees of the Dragoman in an agony of supplication, "my dear father, accept, I beseech thee, the offer of Ishmael, for it is indeed inspired by heaven. As I prostrated myself yesterday before the altar of the Virgin, I had a prophetic anticipation of all that he now proposes. Let us hasten our escape from the cruelties that are now perpetrating in this devoted city. The hand of the most high God will in time dissipate the storm, and avenge the murder of his people. We can then return. Meanwhile let us, I conjure thee, journey into a land of safety; where, if we find no one to sympathize with us in our creed, we may at least be permitted to offer up our prayers to Heaven without molestation."

Ebn Temym was struck with the force of this pathetic appeal, and could not choose but yield to the solicitations of his daughter. He accepted the proposal of Ishmael—the plan of their route was finally decided on, and every precaution adopted to facilitate their escape, and ensure their safety. The young Sheik bade them a hasty farewell, and prepared to set out on his expedition. "May your longing for a view of the camp of Ahmed," said he, as he kissed the fair forehead of Miriam, "be as ardent as that of the desert-worn traveller for the green Oasis of the wilderness."

But the skies of this heaven of hope were soon over-clouded, and a scene of horror and of blood obliged them speedily to relinquish their delightful project. The disturbances throughout the city were becoming every hour more and more alarming; so much so indeed that Ebn Temym would by no means consent to the departure of his youthful guest. The attempt at that moment would certainly have been attended with the most imminent danger. He therefore induced him to conceal himself in a subterranean retreat, with the labyrinths of which he alone was acquainted, in order to await a more favourable opportunity for carrying his plans into effect. Having conveyed Ishmael to this place of temporary refuge, the good Dragoman rejoined his daughter with his accustomed tranquillity; but scarcely had he acquainted her with what he had done, than the Spahis of the newly elected tyrant burst into the room, and rudely seizing him, bound him hand and foot before his daughter's eyes. They then plundered the house of what little treasure the Dragoman had amassed, and bore him away to the Molsallam, to whom he had been denounced as a traitor by the perfidious Greeks. His daughter saw him

no more. Miriam, in a state of mind little short of distraction, hastened to the Superior of the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre, to implore his assistance in procuring her father's freedom. She noticed, as she drew nearer, that its walls were closely besieged by the murderous emissaries of the Molsallam, who were cursing and butchering the unoffending brotherhood.

The unhappy maiden, overwhelmed by the suddenness of this dreadful catastrophe, (for an hour had scarcely elapsed since her father was alive and in her presence,) fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered from her swoon, she found herself surrounded by Christian women, who, with tears in their eyes, were entreating the holy fathers not to deliver her into the hands of the governor. The barbarian had heard of her surpassing beauty, and considering her a prize worthy the harem of his patron, the Pacha of Damascus had issued his commands that she should be brought before him. The prayers and presents of the holy brotherhood had, however, succeeded in obtaining for her a few hours respite. They had hoped to save her from the misery and degradation with which she was threatened, by sending her to Bethlehem; but they were informed the same evening, that that city was also abandoned to the fury of the Spahis, and that the convent of Jerusalem and the church of the Holy Sepulchre would be plundered by these lawless bands in the course of the night. From the first moment of the arrival of this dreadful intelligence, the greatest consternation prevailed, and every individual was occupied in preparing for a hasty flight to a place of safety. Some of the women and children secreted themselves in the subterranean recesses of the Holy City. The more courageous among them, having first buried their precious relics, their sacred vases, in the sands of the grotto of Jeremiah, or in the deep caves of Siloah, scaled the wall and fled.

Worn and dejected, without either counsel or an asylum, Miriam sought the retreat of Ishmael, whom she found full of anxiety and fears for her safety. His voice was tremulous with rage: he vowed the deepest vengeance on the Molsallam for the murder of Ebn Temym, and the tears of his bereaved and unhappy daughter. "Let me employ the little energy that is left me," said Miriam, "in persuading thee to seek thy safety in flight. I have confided every thing to the superior of the convent. Yousef is one of the janissaries charged with the defence of the holy fathers, and I have interested him in thy behalf. He will favour thy escape. He has consented to conceal himself in the ruins of Bethany, where the Arabs of Siloah will provide him with a camel. Night is fast approaching; make for the val-

ley of Jeoshaphat; thou wilt find thy guide; he will wait patiently for thee until the ninth hour. God be with thee on thy perilous journey, and guide thy fugitive steps in safety over the burning sands of the Desert—less fatal and terrible than the cruel machinations of evil men. Farewell dear Ishmael; think sometimes of the martyred Ebn Temym, and his hapless daughter—the orphan Miriam."

"Oh Miriam!" rejoined the young Sheik, "you will not follow me, and you entreat me to fly! how is this?" "I am a Christian, Ishmael," responded the desolate girl, "it is not lawful for me to be thy bride; but, if thou lovest me, friend of my father, save thine own life, and be happy in the Desert. Then acquiring courage, she continued in a voice rendered tremulous by grief—"The only sorrow which I could not endure, would be that arising from a wilful neglect of my duty; or," pursued she with repressed anguish, "of witnessing thy destruction. I have borne much, I could bear any thing but this." "Holy prophet," rejoined Ishmael, "she cannot suppose that I will leave her! Miriam," added he with a mournful voice, laying down his arms and mantle, "you have no right to suspect the son of Ahmed of such base ingratitude and insensibility; you do but employ these words as the test of my truth. And what is life without her I love? I will stay; and I swear by Mahomet himself, that no power shall force me from your side." "Stay," said Miriam, "in despite of death?" "I scorn it," rejoined Ishmael, "and here will I remain to meet it." These last words, uttered in a tone of deep emotion, were omnipotent; they decided the fate of Miriam. "Oh, my God!" cried she, "the only father to whom I can now appeal for either succour or advice, what must I then do? Must I suffer Ishmael to perish? Were my dear father but alive, a sacred duty would detain me here; but an orphan in this thorny world, isolated, and without one friend to protect me from insult and degradation worse even than death, what course am I to follow? I belong to no one, have no one either to love or to regret me. A numerous family would mourn for Ishmael, and can I then consent to his death? Of what importance is the fate of Miriam? He shall live, he may even yet be happy. Ishmael, save thy life and mine: we will abandon these awful scenes together. It shall be even as thou wilt."

Not an instant was to be lost. Guided by the flames that were consuming the hospital of the Armenians, Miriam and Ishmael threaded with considerable difficulty the aloe hedges that divide the gardens of the suburbs. With the opportune aid of some fugitive Christians, whom they casually encountered in their flight, they passed the out-

er walls of the city. Their situation became every moment more and more critical.— They could be both seen and heard, and the slightest noise might have betrayed them into the hands of their enemies. For the first time in his life, Ishmael experienced a sensation of fear. They hurried on in silence; but Miriam, accustomed to the sedentary life of eastern women, found her strength beginning to fail her, and her companion was obliged to bear her onward in his arms.— The minarets of Bethany now burst on their sight, and Ishmael gaining resolution from the reflection that he was at length master of his beloved, hastened on to the ruins.— Having reached them, he proceeded to give the appointed signal, and profound was their consternation at receiving no answer in return. The night, one of unusual darkness, had now closed in upon them, and neither guide nor camel was in attendance. In vain they repeated the signal, and listened with beating hearts for the reply. All was silent as the grave. They had greatly exceeded the ninth hour, and the janissary had, in all probability, given up the hope of seeing them, and returned to the city; or it might be for the purpose of betraying them into the hands of the revengeful Molsallam.— Various and painful were the conjectures in which they successively indulged.

What was to be done? How were they to traverse sixty miles of a rough mountainous and desert track, without assistance, and without provision, to find at the end of their journey a wide expanse of moving sand, burning beneath the scorching rays of a tropic sun, and treacherous and uncertain to the tread. Every thing, however, appears possible to love:—Ishmael easily convinced Miriam of the necessity of continuing their course; “I know,” said he, “of a spring half-way between this and the part of the Desert inhabited by the tribe of Wyhydyah; we shall find date trees near this fountain, whose fruits will yield us nourishment. I will sustain you in my arms; two days will suffice for the journey: if your strength fails you we will rest, and you shall regain it on my bosom.” Pure and unsophisticated innocence invested them with her panoply, and tempered the warmth of their emotions, awakening between them a full and perfect confidence in each other, the tender and holy charm of earliest love. Miriam willingly believed the asseverations of Ishmael. Anxious to take advantage of the night, that they might prosecute their arduous journey with as little fatigue as possible, they hastened to quit the ruins of Bethany: vain hope! the strength of the fair Christian was already exhausted, and her tender feet were lacerated by the sharp stones that lay imbedded amidst the sands over which she had passed. Ishmael wit-

nessed her forced exertions and her sufferings, and his heart bled within him at the sight. He guided her steps, and supported her in his arms, but still their progress was comparatively slow.

The rising sun now displayed to their view the Desert over which they had to pass, an immense plain of sand already reddening in his earliest beams, and unshaded by a single tree. But this prospect, so far from discouraging Ishmael, seemed only to animate him to fresh exertions. The Desert was to him a home and an emblem of independence; “O, Miriam!” said he “take courage; before sunset we shall reach the fountain of Engaddi, and to-morrow we shall approach my father’s tents.” Miriam, inspired by these soothing words, endeavoured to conceal her weariness, and continued to press forward leaning on the arm of Ishmael. But the paleness of her countenance betrayed that she was in the last stage of exhaustion. Ishmael again took her in his arms. Towards the close of this fatiguing day the newly recovered invalid began himself to droop; his eyes grew dim, and he could scarcely discern in the horizon the top of the palm-trees of Engaddi. It seemed impossible that he should reach this resting place before dark, and Miriam lay already a fainting burthen in his arms, and, parched with thirst, was scarcely able to articulate a word. The thought that it was for his sake she had exposed herself to this intensity of suffering, invigorated the sinking Arab: he pressed on; rested; and again pursued his way. The fear of losing the object of his idolatry stimulated him almost beyond his strength, and still he struggled onward, pressing ever and anon his precious burthen to his panting and agitated bosom. A few steps more and they were by the side of the long-desired fountain, at which they had no sooner arrived than, utterly powerless and exhausted, they both fell prostrate on the sands.

Ishmael dragged himself with some difficulty to the edge of the fountain, and, filling the palms of his hands with the precious liquid, moistened the parched and bleeding lips of Miriam. She opened her languid eyes, and smiled her grateful thanks through the tears with which they were filled. Anxious only for Ishmael, she appeared indifferent to her own sufferings. “Alas!” said she, faintly, “had it not been for me, thou wouldst not have been reduced to this strengthless and debilitated condition:” thus making even her own sacrifice a subject of self accusation. They rested one entire night and day beneath the date-trees of the fountain of Engaddi. As the evening advanced, Ishmael stationed himself at the feet of Miriam, and watched over her with intense and breathless anxiety,—a solicitude

as deep and pure as that with which the young mother hangs over the waning beauty of her first-born child.

Ishmael's energies were in a great measure renewed, whilst the daughter of Ebn Temym awoke feverish and unrested; but still anxious for the safety of her lover, she expressed the utmost eagerness to depart, and they once more set out on their journey, bearing with them dates and water for their future refreshment. They had not proceeded far, when they met some Arab shepherds, who, sympathizing with them in their distress, provided them with more solid nourishment than they had hitherto been able to obtain. It happened fortunately for the wearied fugitives, that an old man of the party was on terms of friendship with several of the tribe of Wahydyah, and he therefore tendered Ishmael and Miriam his services as a guide. They directed their course towards the vale of Harma; the shepherd assisted them to climb the heights of Tabor; to cross the torrent of Soeta, and the deep solitudes of Hebron. "My daughter," said he to Miriam, "trust in Allah; it was he who led you to us in the pastures of Edom. He has deprived me of a beloved child, the prop and support of my old age; you recall her to my memory; the mourner is doubly dear to one who is like me so well acquainted with grief; lean on me, damsel, frail reed that I am, lean on me. I am old, it is true, but the Prophet hath given me sufficient strength to succour thee in thy necessity; let us then press forward on our way together." But notwithstanding the additional assistance she received, Miriam was gradually growing more and more exhausted, and her eyes were overflowing with tears, when the keen and anxious sight of the young Sheik discerned towards dusk a company of horsemen on a distant height before them. The shepherd hastened towards the party, and recognised them as Arabs. "Sons of the Desert," exclaimed he, "are ye of the noble tribe of Wahydyah, sovereigns of Bosor and Eblator?" "Yes, yes," exclaimed the Bedouins with one voice, "we are, we are." Without waiting to reply, the old man hurried back to Ishmael, who, having confided to his care his precious charge, fled to his friends. As soon as he had despatched messengers to apprise his father of his approach, and secured the accommodation of which the sinking Miriam stood in such extreme need, he as speedily returned. "Take courage, sweet sister of my soul," said he, "the whole of my tribe await you; I will restore to you a father in Ahmed, the son of Bâhir."

The fair Christian was soon supported by her lover upon a sure-footed and gentle steed. She fainted several times before they arrived at the plain of Harma, whither

the ancient Sheik and his family had repaired to meet them. Ishmael cried out to him afar off, "Sheik of the Wahydyahs, oh! my father, behold the angel who has preserved thy son; kill the new-born camel in her honour, and present to her the bread and salt." He then recounted to Ahmed all the sufferings they had undergone; and tears bathed the venerable cheek of the son of Bâhir, as he listened to the sad recital. Alas! the seeds of death were already sown in the fragile form of the gentle Miriam. The young sisters of Ishmael exerted themselves in vain to divert her. When they thought her somewhat recovered, they conducted her to the well of Laban, and, seated in the shade of its fig-tree, described to her the anxieties they had felt during their brother's painful absence, and related to her all that he had told them of the benevolence of Ebn Temym. On their return to the women's tent, their mother who was anxiously expecting them, received Miriam with open arms, addressed her as a daughter, and tended her with more than maternal solicitude. She despatched envoys to Gaza, for every thing she considered likely to minister either to her pleasure or restoration. "We are poor and ignorant," said the sympathizing matron, "but our hearts expand to the influences of friendship, even as the pomegranate to the rays of that sun from which it derives both its colour and its sweetness."

Miriam was sensibly affected by these proofs of the tender interest with which she was regarded: she loved the young Sheik, but her piety, her fears with regard to another life, so forcibly impressed upon the mind of a Christian born at the foot of Calvary, all combined to agitate her soul with wild and visionary apprehensions. She constantly fancied that she heard the voice of her martyred father calling upon her name, and in spite of the vigilant kindnesses of her Arab friends, was gradually wasting away like the wounded palm-tree of the Desert, 'cut by the Indian for its juicy balm.' Ishmael, with anguish he could ill conceal, beheld the beloved of his soul thus meekly descending into the valley of the shadow of death. He wandered round her tent groaning in the agony of his despair, like a young lion that has been smitten by the poisoned arrow of the hunter. His father endeavoured to soothe him under the pressure of his painful anticipations, "Allah, is good," he would say, "he allows the dove to shelter in my tent—to nestle in the bosom of my tribe.—Regard it, Ishmael, as a sign of happiness for the Wahydyahs, and let the thought that we ministered comfort and healing to the heart of the stricken daughter of the martyred Ebn Temym, be as the oil of peace on the troubled billows of thy soul."

The tender attentions lavished by this patriarchal family on their dying guest were ineffectual. One morning, after a few moments of unusual cheerfulness, the head of Miriam declined on her bosom, like a drooping rose of Sharon, the last sigh passed from her pale dis severed lips, and her spirit mounted at once into its native heaven. All the fibres that had sustained the perishing form of this fragile flower were at length divided. The horrible death of her father, her religious scruples, (they might almost be called prejudices,) and the passionate depth of her affection, all united to blight a creature—once the very soul of beauty and of promise. The lamentations of the women of the tribe of Wahydyah were loud and incessant; but Ishmael remained wrapped in a shroud of impenetrable gloom. He could not weep, for the fountain of his tears was dried up. The grief of his father was deep, but it was calmer than that of his kindred. He superintended the funeral of the hapless Miriam. She was interred in the sands under the majestic palm-trees, beneath which she had so frequently reposed.

The wretchedness of Ishmael was profound. It was in vain that his father offered him food—that he spoke to him of the interests of his tribe,—and of the wars with which it was threatened. He could never obtain from him a single syllable in reply. But the repose of this simple family was menaced soon after this sad catastrophe, by the Aga of Gaza; and a general retreat to the Desert of Mephaath, beyond the Dead Sea, in the land of Moabites, was decided on by the elders of the tribe. They were all occupied in preparing for their departure, when, towards the close of the day before that on which they were to have set out, the sun appeared surrounded by a crimson halo; the skies wild and overcast, yielded a lurid light; the birds flew towards the west, skimming, in continual circles, along the boundless plain; the heavens seemed luminous, while the air was gloomy and opaque. The palm-tree let fall its flexible branches to the earth, as if it too had partaken of the general blight; and the plaintive cries of animals in the vast solitudes around, announced, in language not to be misunderstood, the approach of the merciless Simoom,—the pestilential wind—the terror of the Desert. Ishmael smiled in the anticipation of this awful visitation. He repaired to the grave of his beloved Miriam; removed the sand that covered her beautiful form, and the veil from her alabaster face, and gazed once more on it with the pure and delighted consciousness that he should soon be reunited to her for ever in that blissful land, in which thirst, weariness, and blight, are equally unknown. The features of his beloved were still unwasted by decay. She seemed to

smile on her Ishmael. A dark red cloud rose in the east; the whirlwind made a chaos of the tranquil Desert; the date-trees were plucked up by the roots; and sandy billows rolled over the plain. In this fearful inundation the son of Ahmed disappeared; the surging sand swept over him as he bent to kiss the forehead of his Miriam. He sleeps the sleep of death with the daughter of Ebn Temym. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their deaths they were not divided."

THE GLEANER.

—Sow we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too.

MATHEMATICAL HABITS.—Joseph Sauveur, the eminent French Mathematician, was twice married. The first time he took a very singular precaution: he would not meet the lady till he had been with the notary to have the conditions which he intended to insist on, reduced into writing lest the sight of her should not leave him sufficiently master of himself. This, says Dr. Hutton, was acting very wisely, and like a true mathematician, who always proceeds by rule and line, and makes his calculations when his head is cool.

HUMAN GRANDEUR.—The site of the church of the monastery of St. Augustine at Canterbury, England, where kings and queens and the rich and noble were buried—where

'The mass was sung,
And the bells were rung,'
is now a tennis and fives-court! The stately hall where kings were entertained with that splendour for which the English in former times were so famed, is now a common public house!—and the stately gateway itself (lately a cockpit, and now a brewhouse) is fast falling into ruin from the united effects of neglect and moisture!

A wag meeting Dr. Busby who was hurrying along the street with a MS. hanging half way out of his pocket, said in passing, "Ah, Doctor, if you were not so well known, you would have your pocket picked!"

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

CELTIC SKETCHES.

No. VI.

CAWDER FAIR.—The lively tune which bears that title is no bad emblem of the glee

and hilarity which are found at those scenes of happiness—unbroken, save by the strength of whisky and the squabbles of clans—the Highland fairs. Forgotten as those occasions of rustic mirth are in the lowlands of Scotland, and proscribed as they are in England, they are still to be found in the glens of the north, as the choice jubilees of the young Highlander, and as by no means unacceptable to the old. Never was there more preparations of person or of costume, than there is among the “heather belles,” when time, soft loves, and sunny days, bring round the annual fair. Days and nights are spent in anxious preparation, and the morning sun finds the visitors bivouacking on the neighbouring ground. Little reck the lads of the friseur, and the lasses care not much for the toilette. Beauty, of whatever rank, will, however, have her mirror; and so every glossy pool reflects back a face of glee, if not of grace.

The day advances; the hawkers display their tempting snares, and each loved lass is made gay with a new snood to bind her raven locks; while the clansmen, in their appropriate tartans, strut about with a more firm and dignified air than the first-rate lawyers of town. Ever and anon the mountain dew descends in copious libations, to refresh the mountain population, and the bonds of friendship and the cords of strife alike become tense and tight from the general moisture. The mountain air gives nerves to the Highlander, and the mountain beverage puts those nerves in motion, till all is fun and fire. The clansmen, animated by their numbers and enjoyments, revert in thought to the time when each man’s chief was a king; and no sooner is this done than the royal game of war is begun to be played. A squabble is begun; and cry after cry is repeated, till the whole fair rings with the din. It is running here, and mustering there; a green turban, hoisted on a stick, streaming like a meteor in one direction, and a red one streaming in another, till the whole possé are enlisted under their respective banners. They eye each other for some time; but it is soon found out that the whole matter in dispute was one pint of whisky, and such a dispute is best settled by another. The hostile clans join issue on this; and the spirits which were roused for the battle, work themselves off in the dance, while the next morning sun sees all on the way to their own habitations.

So long as the ears shall be delighted and the hearts warmed by melody, the music of the Celts will continue to have its admirers, and there is this peculiarity about it, that it will not mix up with the more ornate and complicated system of the harmonists. One very remarkable character of this music is, that the spirit of the air depends more on

the spirit of the performer, than in any other species of music with which we are acquainted. If the Highlander walk slowly and mournfully after the bier of his friend or his chief, the breathings of his pipe, stealing across the still lake or the sombre mountain, are melancholy itself; and there is no feeling in the heart which they could not subdue to sorrow. When again he marches firmly, shoulder to shoulder with his clansmen, against the enemy, the notes of his music, borrowing the vigour of his march, feel a war cry of valour which is no where to be equalled, and which breathes and inspires a heroism altogether irresistible. Place him yet again in peace and prosperity among his kindred; let the joy of his family be uninterrupted, and the rights of hospitality produce their effect, and let him prepare for the sprightliness of his native dance, and the very same tune which made him mournful at the funeral, and martial in the fight, will make him bound with a lightness and speed like the red deer on his mountains. No music of the harmonists has this wonderful flexibility, this variety of passion within itself. It may be mournful; it may be martial; or it may be maddening; but if any one of these characters is ever given to a piece, no variation of the time in which it is played will change that character.

Another proof that this is the music of nature is the fact, that it can produce its effect without either the articulation of the voice, or the regular sounds of a musical instrument. If you but beat the time of a Celtic air, you inspire a large portion of the effect that it would produce, even though played on the most choice instrument, and by the most skilful performer; and the clapping of the hands, the beating of time with the breath, or even the movements of the dance itself, when once begun, are sufficient to keep it going without the continual stimulus of the orchestra.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

THE subject of our present memoir was born at Liverpool, in the year 1755.—His parents, being of humble rank, had no higher ambition than making our youthful hero a proficient in writing and arithmetic, and well versed in his native tongue. He was articled to a respectable attorney in Liverpool; and now for the first time was made acquainted with the difference between practical and speculative acquirements. A clerk in the office boasted one day, of having read *Cicero de Amicitia*, and commented largely on the classic elegance and sim-

plicity of the illustrious Roman; Roscoe, though much more deeply versed in general literature, was obliged to remain silent, under a conscious sense of his own inferiority. He felt his situation very poignantly, but it was not a feeling that remained dormant in his breast. He found a new passion awaken his bosom, and henceforward he was no longer prompted to study by that spirit of idle curiosity, which proposes to itself no definite object. He immediately procured a copy of *Cicero de Amicitia*, and, by a perpetual recurrence to his grammar and dictionary, soon became acquainted with those elegancies of style, and beauties of diction, which no art could transfer to his native tongue. He did not rest in his career, however, till he became a perfect master of the Roman language, and intimately acquainted with the best Latin poets and historians.

A knowledge of the Latin tongue was not however sufficient to satisfy his ambition. He now applied himself to the study of French and Italian; in the latter of which, he is universally allowed to be as profoundly versed as the most distinguished of its native writers. His first passion for poetry and works of imagination, though it was moderated for a time by the toil of more rigid pursuits, assumed its original strength and energy, after he became acquainted with the Latin, French, and Italian poets. His first production, accordingly, was a brilliant effusion of imagination. "Mount Pleasant" was written in his sixteenth year; and few poems composed at so early a period, combine such fertility of idea with such correctness of taste.

After the expiration of his clerkship, Mr. Roscoe was taken into partnership by Mr. Aspinwall, a respectable attorney of Liverpool; and the entire management of an office extensive in practice, and high in reputation, devolved on him alone. About this time he formed an intimacy with the late Dr. Enfield, who was then tutor in the *Belles Lettres*, at the academy of Warrington. When he published his "Speaker," Mr. Roscoe supplied him with an "Elegy to Pity," and "An Ode to Education." About the same period, he also became acquainted with the late Dr. Aikin, who was then a resident practitioner at Warrington. In December, 1773, he recited, before the society formed in Liverpool, for the encouragement of drawing, painting, &c. an Ode, which was afterwards published with "Mount Pleasant." He also, occasionally, gave lectures on subjects connected with the object of this institution, and was a very active member of the society. He also wrote the Preface to Dalby's Catalogue of Rembrandt's Etchings, in which he displayed not only an original view of engraving and painting, but an intimate acquaint-

tance with the opinion of the best writers on the subject.

While the combined powers of Europe were engaged in restoring the ancient order of things in France, Mr. Roscoe, animated by the rapid glow of youthful emotions, and the enthusiasm inspired by the love of freedom, attuned his lyre to the cause of liberty, and composed his celebrated pieces, "The Vine-covered Hills," and "Millions be free." He also translated one of Petrarch's odes, which was inserted in the "*Mercurio Italiano*." These compositions are deservedly classed among the most elegant and classical productions in the English language. In the year 1790, Mr. Roscoe began his great work, "The History of Lorenzo de Medici," which was completed in 1796. Its reputation did not stand in need of adventitious aid. Public feeling had determined its character even before the tribune of criticism had time to pronounce its opinion as to its merits. When he undertook this important work, he lived at the distance of two miles from Liverpool, whither he was obliged daily to repair, to attend the business of his office. The dry and tedious details of law occupied his attention during the whole of his mornings and afternoons; his evenings alone was he able to dedicate to study; and it will be easily conceived, that a gentleman, surrounded by a numerous family, and whose company was courted by his friends, must have experienced, even at these hours, a variety of interruption. No public library provided him with materials. The rare books which he had occasion to consult, he was obliged to procure in London, at a considerable expense. But in the midst of all these difficulties, the work grew under his hands; and, in order that it might be printed under his own immediate inspection, he established a press in Liverpool, and submitted to the fatigue of correcting the proofs.

The "Life of Lorenzo de Medici" had made too strong an impression on the public mind to suffer its author to pursue in peace the practice of a profession for which nature had never intended him. He was accordingly solicited to write the life of that celebrated patron of literature, "Leo the Tenth," the son of Lorenzo, who was also the Mæcenas of his age. Mr. Roscoe engaged in this new work with a sort of filial devotion to the memory of a family, whose fame will descend to the latest posterity. While engaged in the completion of this admirable work, he was invited to become chief partner in the banking-house of Clark and Sons, of Liverpool; a situation, which he reluctantly, and we regret to say, unfortunately, accepted. In 1806, Mr. Roscoe stood candidate for the representation of his native town, in Parliament. He was trium-

phantly returned; but his friends in the ministry having retired from office in the following year, he judged it prudent to decline another contest.

While he was thus actively employed, a series of unforeseen circumstances led the banking house in which he was engaged, to suspend its payments. The creditors, however, had so much confidence in Mr. Roscoe's integrity, that the bank was allowed time to recover from its embarrassments; and Mr. Roscoe, on first entering the bank, after this accommodation, was loudly greeted by the populace. The difficulties, however, in which the bank was placed, rendered it impossible for the proprietors to make good their engagements. Mr. Roscoe did all that could be expected from an honest man; he gave up the whole of his property. His library, which was very extensive, and consisted principally of Italian works, was the only sacrifice which he had reason to regret, as it deprived him of that intellectual society which he found in communing with, and imbibing the sentiments of kindred minds. Some years ago, Mr. Roscoe was invited by some of the principal houses in the bookselling trade to edit a new edition of the works of Pope; a task which he has recently completed in a masterly manner. It forms ten volumes octavo; the whole of the first volume being taken up with an Original Life of the Poet. The controversies which have so long engaged the public attention, relative to the poetical character of Pope, are here investigated in that distinct and perspicuous manner, which is characteristic of all Mr. Roscoe's writings.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

— Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S

Mortality in New-York City for 1824.

MEASURES were adopted several years ago, for procuring returns of deaths. But as there is no public register of marriages and births, it is impossible to make such calculations and estimates as the medical philosopher and political economist desire. There is another difficulty in the case, that the population of the city being daily on the increase by immigration, there is no regular list of the new-comers.

Dr. George Cuming, the city inspector, has exhibited the deaths for the year ending December 31, 1824, in a series of tables, to the common council. From the publication

of it, which they ordered, very interesting information is derived on several subjects. The whole mortality amounts to 4341. The increase beyond the preceding year, is 897. Though doubtless this is more to be ascribed to the growing population, than to greater sickness.

Notwithstanding the boasted power of preventing small-pox, ascribed of late to cow-pock; the former continues its ravages among the inhabitants. During the term, 394 of the aforesaid number died of this distemper. The circumstances attending many of these cases are really afflicting. Persons who have undergone vaccination by the most careful operators, have nevertheless suffered small-pox, and this has happened to an individual who received the infallible preventive from the hand of the great Jenner himself. Attempts have been made to conceal the ugly aspect of this disease, by bestowing on it the novel name of *varioid*; but Dr. C. has judged better of the matter, and admitted no such deceptive name into his report. Discouraged at the frequency and seriousness of such occurrences, many citizens are returning to the old and once approved inoculation for small pox. This latter disease, as propagated by art, was formerly so well understood by practisers, mothers, nurses, and by almost every body, as to be viewed without dread, and scarcely with apprehension. And yet, all this body of experience, and its benefits have been thrown away to make room for the vaccine. And it is foretold, with the appearance of the highest probability, that a distressed and disappointed people will extricate themselves at last from the difficulty in which they are involved, by having recourse, once more to the mild and effective inoculation of small-pox.

Phthisis pulmonalis, or consumption of the lungs, continues to thin the ranks of society. Of the before mentioned amount, the deaths by this cruel destroyer, amount to 736; which is not quite one sixth of the whole mortality, including the deaths of infants. This has been a moderate year, however, for consumption; for repeatedly, in preceding seasons, the number of deaths by it have amounted to one in four of the aggregate sum. It is lamentable that with all our knowledge of the human frame, and

of the operation of remedies on it, this malady puts professional skill at defiance, and hurries its victims to the grave.

The careful inquirer will derive much other intelligence from this document. And the series of them, as published from year to year, will allow many important conclusions to be drawn.

Intelligence from Norwich in Vermont.

The American literary, scientific, and military academy, under the superintendence of Captain Alden Partridge, was made the theme of consideration. Various publications concerning that valuable institution, and the persons attached to it were produced: such as,

1. *The catalogue of the officers and cadets*, with the prospectus and internal regulations of the same. By this document it appears, that in August 1824, the number of students was one hundred and sixty. To an extensive course of instruction in literature, science, and the arts, there is added a system of military discipline, and a uniform dress. The principles on which the academy is conducted, are detailed in this pamphlet of thirty-eight pages, and are worthy to be examined by those who have boys to educate.

2. *Journal of an excursion made by the students, called the corps of cadets, under Captain P. to Concord, the seat of government in New-Hampshire, during June 1822.* The police and discipline of the academy being strictly military, the expedition was made in a corresponding manner. Under an equipment as for a regular campaign considerably more than a hundred of these active youth engaged in the undertaking. The distance from the academy (which is about one mile from Dartmouth college) to Concord is almost sixty miles; the present publication is a diary of their progress thither and home again; filled with agreeable accounts of the polite and hospitable conduct of the inhabitants in the towns through which they passed.

3. *Journal of an excursion made by the corps of cadets, in June 1823, a distance of sixty-eight miles, from Norwich to Whitehall, and thence down lake Champlain to Plattsburgh, and back.* To this is subjoined an appendix, containing a report by E. Dunbar, topographical engineer, on the

general features of the country through which they proceeded. By this, which was printed at Woodstock, in forty-eight pages, it is stated that Killington peak in the green mountains, is 3924 feet above tide water; and Shrewsbury peak 4034.

4. Captain Partridge's lecture on education. In this he offers objections to the common system; observing that, it is not sufficiently practical; that the improvement of the physical powers of the students is too much neglected; that there is too much unemployed time; that parents and guardians of the wealthier class, ruin the boys by allowing them too much money; that all the students are compelled to pursue the same course of study; and lastly, that there is the same length of time prescribed for completing the course of study for the good scholar as for the sluggard. On his own plan, he urges two fundamental regulations as indispensable; to wit, that the system and discipline should be strictly military; and that military science and instruction should contribute a part of the course. The time of the pupil he appropriates thus, for study and recitation in literature and science eight hours; for sleep eight hours; for regular meals and personal duties 3 hours; for military exercises, fencing, and gymnastics, two hours; and to practical agriculture, learning the use of mechanical tools and utensils, &c., the remaining three hours.

5. Captain P's lecture on national defence, wherein he endeavours to show that by proper organization and training of the militia, the citizens who bear arms, may be rendered the efficient guardians of the country.

Should the project be carried into effect, of removing this capital school from its present site to Middletown in Connecticut, the inhabitants of the latter place may rejoice in the acquisition of so much population and importance.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES
FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN GREENLAND. One of those stones called Runic Stones, has been found in Greenland, and brought to Copenhagen. This is an undisputable proof that Icelanders or Norwegians visited that country in very early times.

Fossil Bat.—About the middle of last October, the workmen employed in the quarries of Montmartre discovered the fossil remains of a *Bat*. This most interesting specimen was almost immediately presented to Baron Cuvier by the gentleman into whose possession it had come.

Lieutenant George Lindsay, R. N. has lately invented a machine, which he terms a 'Marine Circulator,' by which he can place the largest ships of war in any position immediately, when ships are dismasted in action, or attacked by gun-boats in a calm.

An interesting work is announced in the French journals, entitled *Memoires sur la Grèce*, or a History of the War of Independence, with topographical plans, &c. by Maxime Rayband, formerly aid-de-camp to the president of the Greek government. The work will contain an historical introduction by Alp Rabbe.

By experiments of the French Chemists, on the Alcanna of the Orientals, or Henne of Egypt, which has been long used in the East for dying the fingers and nails of the hands, and sometimes feet of the females, it has been ascertained that it is sufficient to apply to the skin the leaves of henne pounded into a paste, and to rub the hands with the same, in order to give them a colour. Women advanced in age, give their hair a brown tinge by the same process; and some old men apply it to the beard, when the hairs turn grey. When it is wished to render this colour of a deeper brown, green shells of walnuts may be added to it.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.

MARQUIS D'ARGENS

ON THE POETRY OF SOUTHEY.

AMONG those who have laboured to "build the lofty rhyme," inclination as well as justice induces me to notice Southey. I would have come to this self-imposed duty with unmixed satisfaction, but that, unfortunately, is impossible; for no two beings can be more dissimilar than the youthful enthusiast, who in the wild fervour of imagination breathed the truly poetical rhapsodies of the Joan of Arc, and the starched, precise, thorough-bred courtier, who at present employs his pen on dull histories and duller odes. And how can we praise the prophet of the Muses, whose irregular yet bewitching voice once held our souls spell-bound with wonder and delight, without remem-

bering that he has exchanged his heaven-tuned lyre for the droning, monotonous bagpipe of a poet-laureat? Who, with feelings and affections open to the enchantments of genius, can be insensible to his mysterious, unearthly, but attractive theme, who embodied all the intense passion of his nature in the grand though phantastic creations of his fancy, and threw at will around the Madoc, the Kehama, and the Thalaba of his tale, a brightness of intellectual glory, which elicits from our hearts that applause which our judgment might have denied?—But while we thus luxuriate on the Southey of other days, should some of the bulky abortions of his later years, stately and repulsive as the Gog and Magog of Guildhall, be obtruded on our notice, can we forbear exclaiming "how is the mighty fallen?"—For who, without demonstrative proofs of the fact, would believe that the bard of Roderic was the author of those interminable quartos on the Brazillian History? The butt of sack, from which the poet now regales himself, rather than from the pure fountain of inspiration, seems with its somnifying fumes to have darkened the once keen vision of his intellect, and every object on which he now expatiates is beheld through the "palpable obscure" of a court atmosphere. Strange, that a man so highly gifted should have sunk into a mere vender of *flattery plums* and *oil of fool*; should have sacrificed his fair fame for a cask of muddy wine, and with far less excuse than Esau, since the mess of pottage for which he sold his birthright was necessary to the preservation of his life. But perhaps a decay of mental power, not a longing after the fish-pots of Egypt, has led to the declension which every lover of fine writing will lament; and it must be said of Southey, as was once said of the veteran dramatist Cumberland,

Now his fame has grown maudlin, he writes for the fees,
And the mental wine gone, he gets drunk with the lees.

Southey has displayed so much alacrity in sinking, that it would be difficult to find any point of resemblance between his early effusions and the hobbling Pindarics which have libelled his reputation since the poetic wreath was placed on his brow. It is painful to look over such trash, with which no printer would have cumbered his press, but for the influence of the writer's name; in which royalty is rendered utterly ridiculous by excessive adulation, and the Lord's anointed is set up like the golden image of Nabonasser, that fools may fall down and worship, while sensible people pass by and laugh.

Southey's poetical works, even the most estimable of them, are so voluminous, that a cursory glance in passing is all we can afford them. At this moment my eye falls on

an appalling pile of his lucubrations in quarto, they are a load for a sturdy porter. I have Shakespeare and Milton in a nutshell to speak comparatively, yet if the public like large types and wide margins, the bookseller is not to blame for indulging the whim, and to say the truth, notwithstanding the old saw that a great book is a great evil, there is much in these volumes "which posterity will not willingly let die." The first considerable production of the author's was *Joan of Arc*, a work on which he poured out all the ardour and enthusiasm of his youth; the fable of the poem is too well known to call for any remarks here, and though there are many glaring defects in the execution of the poet's own conception, it is impossible to deny that the true spirit of inspiration and poetry is breathed over the whole.

Thalaba the Destroyer is, according to the bard himself, "a wild and wondrous song," all attention to probability or even possibility is forgotten, and the reader is treated to a course of as stark "midsummer madness" as ever was concocted by an unhappy wight afflicted with scribomania, and

"Weaving fine fancies fit for skull
That's empty when the moon's at full.

Yet if it be madness, "there is method in it," and however monstrous and unnatural the outlines of the picture, it is drawn by the hand of genius.

The design of *Madoc* is so extensive, that it was hardly possible for the author to expect more than partial success; the subject has so many ramifications, that it was highly improbable the same degree of interest could be infused into them all. But even to fail in such an undertaking would have been glorious, and it is evident that the writer has been eminently happy in many portions of the work. The blank verse employed is particularly harmonious, and is fully sufficient to show that the Laureat has "music in his soul." The lines, which form a sort of preface to the *Curse of Kehama*, give the reader due intimation that all the usual rules of composition are disregarded.

"For I will for no man's pleasure
Change a syllable or measure;
Pedants shall not tie my strains,
To our antique poets' veins;
Being born as free as these,
I will sing as I shall please."

And in this departure from the more ordinary modes of writing, the author has given an example of judicious daring, which cannot be too highly appreciated. The ultra-romance of the poem in question would have found a very unsuitable vehicle in pompous heroics, or unvarying blank verse; lines constantly recurring of similar length and sound, would have expressed but feebly the passions and feelings and fantasies of

this singular work, while the rambling, unfettered metre which is chosen, adds all the force of language and all the power of inartificial melody to the effect produced by the strange and harrowing incidents of the story.

Roderic, the Last of the Goths, is one of the finest narrative poems in any language, and incomparably the most successful effort of its author. The story of the work is deeply interesting; and the interest is of a kind felt equally by every reader. Such beings as the awful *Kehama* and the terrible *Thalaba*, though they may excite our wonder and reverence, have little or no claim to the milder, more human feelings of pity and affection. But for the wandering *Roderic*, in sorrow and suffering, who having sinned on a throne, is doomed to expiate his offences in the fires of affliction, we feel as for our brother man, and remember while we lament his miseries, that they might have been ours. Here criticism is silent, for the errors are too slight for animadversion, and unmixed praise is generally heard with suspicion. But the *Vision of Judgment*—what can I say of the *Vision of Judgment*? Nothing. Had the subject of these remarks concluded his literary labours with the poem of *Roderic*, few of his competitors in the eager and anxious pursuit of fame, would have gone down to posterity with less disputed claims to distinction. The mongrels of criticism had well nigh yelped their last, and the most insensible to his talents were beginning to discover "that the fellow was clever." The flattering prospect was soon to be checkered with clouds, and at a moment when it was obvious that the malevolence of others could not ruin him, the bard became the suicide of his own reputation. Surely, the patronage and support of a grateful nation, were more valuable, even in a pecuniary point of view, than the vails of a court. Surely it was more honourable, with the warm feelings of independence, and the thrill of enthusiasm, to speak the language which his own ardent spirit dictated, than to become the hired bardling of the great, furnishing his quota of fulsome compliments for an annual butt of wine. The author of *Thalaba* and *Madoc* was regarded by all the good and wise with deep feelings of esteem, gratitude, and love; of esteem for his exalted genius, of gratitude for the mode in which it was exerted, and of love for his generous efforts in the cause of truth and justice. The manufacturer of unreadable hexameters, soporific odes, and never-to-be-ended histories, is the theme of universal—But I fear I shall grow too personal, and will express my meaning in a couple of lines:

Southey writes prose, and no one heeds it,
Southey writes verse, but no one reads it!

THE GRACES.

We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume :
"We come," THE GRACES three ! to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell :
"Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign Beauty
dwell."

CALENDAR—APRIL.

Next came fresh April, full of lusty hed,
And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds ;
Upon a bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolic floods.
Spenser.

THIS month was under the auspices of
Venus among the Romans; hence it was
frequently named *Mensis Veneris*; but its
popular name was *Aprilis*. By the Anglo-
Saxons it was entitled *Oster Monath*, or
Easter month, probably from the frequency
of the eastern winds. Its Latin etymology,
is obvious: *Aprilis*, from *aperire*, to
open—as the month in which vegetation un-
folds.

Why, sweet April, droops thy cheek,
Like a flow'et pale and meek ?
Why, sweet April, like a sigh,
On thy lip the perfumes die ?
Oft thine eye, that doth appear
Like a star from yonder sphere,
In thy softer beauty set,
Is with sudden tear-drops wet.
Is it that thou art a bride,
Led from Winter's parent side,
With thy young, reluctant charms,
To the fiery Summer's arms ?
Or, sweet spirit, art thou one
Of the angel-shapes undone ?
Doomed to taste of mortal woes,
Weep'st thou for thy vales of rose ?
Or, with sorrows more sublime,
Fall thy tears for mortal crime !

SPRING SONG.

Rose ! rose ! open thy leaves !
Spring is whispering love to thee.
Rose ! rose ! open thy leaves !
Near is the nightingale on the tree.
Open thy leaves,
Open thy leaves,
And fill with balmy breath the ripening eves.
Lily ! lily ! awake, awake !
The fairy wanteth her flowery boat :
Lily ! lily ! awake, awake !
Oh ! set thy sweet laden bark afloat.
Lily, awake !
Lily, awake !
And cover with leaves the sleeping lake.
Flowers ! flowers ! come forth ! 'tis spring !
Stars of the woods, the hills, the dells !
Fair valley lilies, come forth and ring
In your green turrets your silvery bells !
Flowers, come forth !
'Tis spring ! come forth !

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 1. Vol. III. of *New Series* of the *MINERVA* will contain the following articles :

POPULAR TALES.—*Firouz-Abdel*; a tale of
the *Upas Tree*.

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Modern Greeks*.
No. I.

THE DRAMA.—*Recollections of the Drama*.
No. II.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Dr. Lyden*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at
Dr. Mitchell's. Scientific and Literary No-
tices from Foreign Journals*.

LITERATURE.—*Hadad, a Dramatic Poem*.

THE GRACES.—*The Valley of Ladies*.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Rules for the Behavior
of Young People*.

POETRY.—Original; and other pieces.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*The Phrenologist*,
No. I. and II., are received.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

Several specimens of beautifully variegated
marble, and of the finest quality, have been
brought to this city, from a quarry recently dis-
covered at Catharinetown, near the head of
Seneca lake.

A machine for spinning wool has been in-
vented by Gilbert Brewster, of Connecticut,
which, it is said, can be constructed at a fourth
of the expense of those now in use; besides
causing a saving of labour of a least 60 per
cent.

A Cherokee, unacquainted with English,
named Geo. Guess, has invented an Alphabet of
86 characters, each representing a sound or
syllable, by which the Indians now correspond
with their Arkansas brethren.

The seventh visible star of the constellation
Pleiades has been of late found to be a periodi-
cal and revolving star, which accounts for the
constellation being described by some writers
as consisting of only six, and by some as com-
posed of seven stars.

The legislature of Lower Canada has au-
thorised the payment of five hundred pounds
sterling, to any person who shall within three
years cause a steamboat of 500 tons, or up-
wards, to be regularly navigated between Que-
bec and Halifax.

MARRIED,

Mr. T. Owen to Miss E. King.
Mr. O. Kane to Miss E. C. de Gironcourt.
W. Lockwood, Esq. to Mrs. E. Weeb.
Mr. G. Weatherspoon to Miss S. Ogden.
Mr. T. Palmer to Miss C. M. Doane.

DIED,

Mr. John Pimple.
Mrs. Ann Soper, aged 24 years.
Mrs. M. Crook, aged 50 years.
Mrs. Eliza Whitter.
Mr. W. H. Valentine, aged 23 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

A western correspondent has sent us the following demurrer, to the narr which we published a short time ago. He has Mr. Hill on the hip.—Ed.

Horton, }
adsm. } Demurrer.
Hill. }

Horton, defendant in the case,
Puts into his proper place,
As his attorney at the suit
Of Peter Hill, the learned John Bute.

Jacob Horton comes in court,
And doth defend th' aforesaid tort,
When and where the court shall say,
And says that he ought not to pay
Said Hill one farthing; for said narr
And all the matters contained there,
Will not in law sufficient be,
To hold said Horton in custody,
For they're not stated legally:
Nor is said Horton bound in law

To answer facts thus stated:
(All this said Bute instantly saw,
For know—he is not addle-pated)
And the said Horton's ready here
To verify and make it clear
That the narr of the aforesaid Peter
Is bad in *substance* and in *feature*;
Wherefore said Horton now doth pray,
That he may go thereof *sans* day.

And the said Horton to be thorough,
Sets down these causes of demurrer,
As by the statute he's commanded,
And to be honest, just and candid,
First—in every narr, in every case,
You must alledge a *year* and *place*,
But Hill's said narr containeth neither,
And therefore is not worth a feather.
Again—that you prevent confusion,
Your narr must have a good *conclusion*,
And if, 'tis damages you claim,
The wish'd amount you there must name,
The narr aforesaid hath this flaw,
And therefore it is void in law;
Besides the aforesaid narr's deficient,
Informal, vague, and insufficient.

JOHN BUTE,

Attorney, &c. of counsel for defendant.

THE DREAM.

From the Spanish.

The morn was purple on the hills,
The birds upon the boughs were singing,
In sparkling crystals flowed the rills,
A thousand sweets the winds were winging:
Yet still I slept; a lovely dream
Kept me still fettered in my chamber,
In spite of song, or breath, or beam
That turned my curtains all to amber.

I saw a shape; pray Heaven some painter;
Whose brush with gold and flowers is gushing,
May see the vision yet—no fainter
Than when it stood before me blushing!
Oh, that some hand, whose lute is sweeter
Than ever mine was yet, may listen
To those sweet accents! By St. Peter
They'd make a hermit's eyeballs glisten!

Her form was tall, yet not too tall;
Her face was beauty in perfection;
Her mouth half-smiling, ruby, small;
The chin—but, poh!—no more dissection;
Let age descant on eyes and noses,
Let youth be happier—ay, and wiser;
Who'd shiver diamonds?—break up roses?
Take woman all and all, and prize her.

She gave a look—a swift, sweet look,
Made up of all her charms together,
That all my recreant reason shook,
And rapt my soul, the saints know whither.
It was not joy, it was not sadness,
'Twas passion, deeply, deadly spoken:
By such has love been turned to madness,
By such have noble hearts been broken.

She gaz'd: the splendour of her eye
Lay on my senses like a spell:
She spoke; her voice was melody
That search'd my bosom's inmost cell;
Her words were like her angel tone
Of love, that not e'en death could sever,
I woke! Hill, vale, and river shone;
I long'd to sleep and sleep for ever.

FLOWERS.

With each expanding flower we find
Some pleasing sentiment combined:
Love in the myrtle bloom is seen,
Remembrance to the violet clings,
Peace brightens in the olive's green,
Hope from the half-closed iris springs;
And victory to the laurel glows,
And woman blushes in the rose.

INCONSTANCY.

I'd rather make
My bower on some icy lake,
When thawing sun begins to shine,
Than trust to love as false as thine!

Moore.

I saw that blush upon thy cheek,
That could so warm a love display;
I saw thine eyes affection speak,
And turn'd in grief my own away.
I saw the heart that once was mine,
To one less warm, less passion'd given;
I sigh'd to think such heart was thine,
And felt my own for ever riven.

And thou couldst be deceiving!—Thou,
Whose vows of faith were heard above,
There's nothing written on thy brow
But tenderness and truth and love:

But, oh ! those feelings are decay'd,
Thy hour of faithfulness is past :
All, all who trust thee are betray'd,
And thou shalt be betray'd at last.

For when that beam hath pass'd away,
That gives thine eyes their tyrant power ;
And when that heart so lightly gay,
Shall see all griefs around it lower ;
Then shalt thou find his love depart,
Who vowed but unto beauty's shrine,
And vainly wish thy faithless heart
Had loved as warm—as true as mine.

*On the death of a general officer in the
East Indies.*

His long extended life
The gun's loud voice hath told,
The breast that dared the battle-strife
Is motionless and cold.

The muffled drum's dull moan,
The requiem of the brave,
Hath woke the deep responsive groan
Above a warrior's grave.

Behold the crimson sky,
And mark yon setting sun,
How like that orb, once bright on high,
Was he whose race is run.

He lies on his dark bed,
With cold unconscious brow,
For sleep's eternal spell is spread
Around his pillow now.

A few short moments' flight
Hath wildly changed his doom ;
The worm shall be his bride to-night,
His home the cheerless tomb.

The midnight blast shall howl,
The dews his cold limbs steep,
The wolf and wild dog loudly growl,
Nor wake his dreamless sleep.

And vain the dirge of woe
That haunts his place of rest,
The spirit smiles in glory now,
In regions of the blest.

TO A LADY.

If love be bliss, pray take thy snare,
Mine has been sorrow's bitter pill ;
To Cupid offer up thy prayer,
And be the idol of his will ;
To thee, perhaps, the fates may prove
More fav'ring than to me, in love.

Then gaily speed thy hours away
On wings of joy and rosy pleasure ;
Nor sober thought thy sports delay,
Nor jealous time thy moments measure.
Thou deem'st me happy—think not so—
Each smile is but the mask of woe.

My life has been a course of care ;
E'en from my cradle I have been
The slave of fancy, and the heir
Of grief oft felt, but seldom seen.
Deem me not happy, then—alas !
My sun is cold, though bright it pass—
Whilst on my cheek there dwells a smile,
Oh, judge not of my heart the while.

AUTOPHAGOS.

A new glee, for three voices, respectfully inscribed to
the Rev. Wm. Fallofield, worshipful master, and the
brethren of the Somerset-house lodge, by Samuel
Wesley.

When down his throat a man doth choose
(For fun) to jump or glide,
First on his teeth he'll scrape his shoes,
Nor soil his own inside.

But if his teeth are worn and gone,
Without one left to scrape upon,
What can our jumper find so pat ?
Why, take his tongue (by way of mat)
And rub his dirty shoes on that.

ENIGMAS.

" And justly the wise man thus preached to us all
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to PUZZLE in our last.

Let me see :—in a list of the spirits of evil,
What names should we happen to find,
Hobgoblin, and demon, ghost, sprite, fiend, and
devil,
And a little *imp* ling'ring behind.

What terrible set to form a community,
Did reason not scout such a thought ;
We laugh at these dreams, while living in *unity*,
With peace, joy, and innocence, fraught.

Thus I've guess'd at the meaning of Lacey's
charade,
And *impunity* hope I may gain ;
If not, I must look for some better man's aid,
And in future from riddling refrain.

SOLUTION OF ANAGRAMS.

- I.—Solemnity.
- II.—Prerogative.

NEW PUZZLE.

An endless maze, involved in shades of night,
I am ; but all my inner parts are light.
Plac'd on my left, nine ready bankers stand,
Who pay me all the sums that I demand ;
Intrinsically rich, as I am poor,
Yet I with millions can increase their store.
Though courts of justice pay me difference,
And I'm allowed by them to speak my sense,
I no precedence claim, nor meet disgrace,
For I am most esteem'd when last in place,
I make no figure, the earth's spacious round,
Yet do I all the works of nature bound.

ANAGRAMS.

- I.—Adams Queer,
- II.—O Grim Nun.

EDITED BY

GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,
And published every Saturday
BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,
123 Broadway, New-York,

Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No
subscription can be received for less than a year,
and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to
the publishers.

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.

